

BUDGET

OF MAN
ST OF NATURE

AMAZON VALLEY TO BE
CIVILIZATION, DE-
RENE BACHE.

by Application of the Same Meth-
Made the Panama Canal Zone
Area of 2,500,000 Square Miles
Some Day Support a Popula-
Equal to That of the Entire
World at the Present Time.

Stepless Cars For the Hobble Skirted



New York, N. Y., March 30.—A new style car is being given a trial by the New York street railways. The car is especially designed for the benefit of small children, cripples and aged people. The car will also be the means of averting accidents to the wearers of hobble skirts. Passengers are only compelled to make one short step, 10 inches high, to get aboard.

mouth, and eye speaking trumpets made from the skin of the tail of the great armadillo for calling to one another in the forest.

The diverse of the Upper Amazon and its tributaries are the most beautifully dressed people in the world. They wear coronets and tunics of the brilliantly colored feathers of the toucan, trogon, macaw, and scarlet cock-of-the-rock, which are sewn on a bark cloth foundation.

Another tribe, the Lorensos, wear no clothes but are adorned with brilliant beetle wings and legs of iridescent beetles' wings, and on ceremonial occasions the warriors carry in their hands feather scepters. Such a scepter is a rod three feet long, to which yellow and white feathers from the toucan's breast are fastened with wax, and at the top it expands into a great plume of the long tail feathers of the macaw.

The Quichuas are accustomed to send messages at the rate of 100 miles an hour by taps of drums, (made of hollow logs, from hilltop to hilltop) and by means of a series of flags, which are hoisted and lowered in a series of signals.

The Mundurucos wear diadems of alligator scales. These people dwell along the tributaries of the upper Amazon, have earned a peculiar reputation for themselves by their method of murdering their enemies. Removing the skull by a skillful surgical process, they put hot pebbles into the skull of the head, thus reducing the latter in size until it is actually no bigger than that of a small dog. In this shape the heads are preserved as trophies and are hung from the rafters of the owner's dwelling.

The natives of the Amazon valley are deadly murderers with the blow gun, the weapon being made from a young stalk of a kind of palm, deprived of its pith, while the projectiles are soldiers of wood, wrapped at the butt end with tree cotton to make them fit the bore, and often poisoned with the juice of the most important ingredients of which are snake venom and strychnine.

Among the unpleasant animals of the region are vampire bats, which attack people at night and suck their blood, and crocodiles, which are ferocious man-eating crocodiles, twenty-five feet long, and many swamps and creeks are infested by electric eels, which carry storage batteries powerful enough to knock down a horse. Some of the rivers are infested by ferocious fishes, called "caribs," which, though very small in size, are exceedingly dangerous. A number of them together will attack a man and literally bite him to pieces in a few minutes.

RENE BACHE.

Forests Full Of Monkeys.

The forests (full of long-tailed monkeys) abound in precious woods. A catalog has been made of 10,000 species of trees found in the valley of the Amazon. Most familiarly known are rosewood, satinwood, and shell-wood, from which last exquisite shell-like articles are made. The forest is "vibrant" with a shaded yellow coloring, already used to some extent for furniture and cabinet work and is destined to be far more widely employed.

Living in so hot a climate, the aboriginal natives of the Amazon valley require no clothing worth mentioning, and are accustomed to disperse with their naked bodies, being among the nakedest people in the world.

Along the lower reaches of the great river reside the Botocudos, who obtained their name from the huge plaques of wood. They paint their faces bright red above the

MARRIED LIFE THE THIRD YEAR

Which Shows That Most Women Love the Man Who Rides Over Them Rough Shod

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

When Mrs. Morrison came home that evening Helen met her in the hall.

"Mrs. Morrison," hesitatingly, "May I speak to you for a moment?"

"Why certainly," with a note of surprise, for Helen was so rarely in evidence. "Won't you come in while I take off my things?"

Her arms were full of bundles, and she thrust them down on the bed as Helen followed her in.

"Oh, I do so hate to carry things—these boxes and trunks! I wish you would take them away from me."

"But it's dreadful having to carry anything in that crowded subway."

"Looked tired and worn and, at this hour," murmured Helen, wondering how she was to approach the subject of the room, which she so dreaded to bring up.

"Mrs. Morrison was standing before the mirror taking off her veil. Helen watched her absently while she thrust the veil in the top drawer, threw her coat and hat on the trunk and then sat down to take off her gloves. She looked tired and worn and, at this hour," murmured Helen, wondering how she was to approach the subject of the room, which she so dreaded to bring up.

"Yes, you said only until your husband came back. But he isn't coming so soon."

"A disagreeable task."

Helen hesitated. "No, I don't know just when he's coming—but he doesn't say."

"Then quickly. 'Oh, of course it's nothing personal—he doesn't even know you. It's only that he objects to my renting the room at all.'"

"And why?" asked Mrs. Morrison coldly and apologetically. "But he seems to be a very nice man."

"I don't intend to tell him, but his name is—"

"Oh, no, no, please don't take it like that. I can't bear for you to be offended. I would so like to have you stay—but don't you see, almost tearfully, 'I can't go against my husband's wishes.'"

"But I suppose not," thoughtfully, "but it does seem rather unreasonable."

"I know it does; that's why I wrote him—and I insisted on getting you stay. It was the first time I had ever really gone against his wishes, and after he wouldn't write me, he merely sent the weekly check folded in a blank sheet of paper. I stood it for two weeks and last night somehow I got so pale and stricken over it, all I felt I must hear from him—so I telegraphed I would do as he wished."

Helen was more than ever conscious that she was saying too much—that it was not necessary for her to go to details. But she felt nervously apologetic; she owed Mrs. Morrison more than a curt denial, and she talked on without quite realizing how much she had said.

After a moment's silence Mrs. Morrison said gently, "I think I understand—and I'll not make it any harder for you. Call here the other day and place next week—probably a hotel—for you know the firm's sending me to Europe in May."

Then she rose suddenly and opened the trunk. "Wait a moment—there is something I want to show you."

The box she lifted out was full of letters. She looked through them

hurriedly, took out a photograph and handed it to Helen.

"That is a man whom I know very well—and I think in some ways he must be much like your husband."

"The face was an exceptionally strong one—of determination and force. But there were hard, almost cruel lines around the mouth, and the eyes under the heavy brows were stern and piercing."

"It is a very strong face," murmured Helen, awkwardly, hardly knowing what to say.

"Yes, and he's a very strong man—but in many ways a very hard one. All his life he has dominated every one with whom he has come in contact—and now he is trying to dominate me. He rides roughshod over everything. And yet I think it's partly his very hardness, his brutal indifference that makes me love him. Every other man seems weak in comparison. Somehow his very neglect and discourtesy make the ordinary attentions and courtesies of other men seem feminine. Oh, with a catch in her voice, 'why does the mere brute force in a man appeal so to a woman? Sometimes I think all women are primitive savages—that they want a cave man to knock them over the head and drag them by the hair.'"

Helen was gazing at Mrs. Morrison with breathless silence. Then was her own experience a common one? Did other women love the men who roughly dominated them? And who was this man whose picture she still held in her hands? She looked down at it now with keener interest.

There is nothing that draws two women more together than a common love. And now Helen had to crush down a dozen eager questions. It was not mere curiosity that made her want to know more about this man—it was something far deeper than that.

Perhaps Mrs. Morrison had been sympathetic and the unasked questions, for she went on musingly.

"I told you about the man who was leaving Mr. Morrison because we were so desperately poor and he had so little ambition. That was a mistake. He was a good man, and he loved me, and I should have stayed with him. But I was more capable than he, and for a woman to be more capable than her husband is always an unfortunate thing—less she is tactful enough to hide it."

"Anyhow, I started out for myself. And I have succeeded—at least I make sixty dollars a week, which I suppose for a woman means a fair amount of success. But, oh, I feel so lonely!"

"She hesitated a moment and then went on.

"Of course I have met men—many of them. But no one for whom I have ever cared—no one who has ever dominated me as this man does. He's away from me in the time. And I—well, there most of the time. And I—well, I live for the few days a month he is here. He only comes on business, he never comes to see me. And I—well, if he did—he wouldn't give me the satisfaction of knowing it. He has never really said that he loved me—and yet I know that he does. I know he would rather be with me than with anyone else. But oh, he's so selfish and so self-centered!"

"I wonder," asked Helen gently, "if all men who are strong are not self-centered?"

"I have thought of that," she said quickly. "It's the man who is forcible, who is unyielding and full of egotism—that is the man who dominates us and whom we love. While the man with less strength, less personal force, is apt to be more gentle and more unselfish. And yet that man rarely gets a woman's intense, abject devotion. Her instincts are primitive, and she loves the man who rides over her roughshod."

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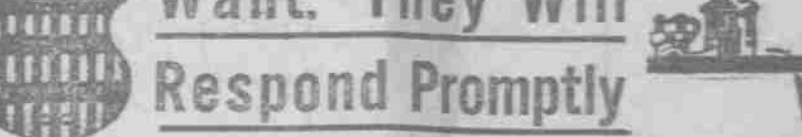
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MARCH 30

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When there's something valuable lost or a tenant leaves, a call to Bell 116, Auto 1116, tells the news.

El Paso has learned that Herald "Want" Ads are the best resort in an emergency.

The Rev. Mr. Goodman (suspecting himself in mirror)—Caroline, I don't really believe I ought to wear this wig. It looks like living a lie.

"Bless your heart, Avery," said his better half, "don't let that trouble you. That wig will never fool anybody for one moment."

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HUDSON MAXIM SAYS MAKE WAR COSTLY

New York, N. Y., March 30.—At a meeting of the Casino club, held in the Waldorf Astoria, Hudson Maxim, the celebrated inventor, spoke on "Peace and War." During the course of his remarks, he said "The best way to do away with war is to make it too costly. When it is plain that it costs more to plunder than to be plundered, we are not going to have any more wars. It is simply a question of business."

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